

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

VOL. 5--NO. 50.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, AUGUST 24, 1850.

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

WHOLE NO. 258.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum if paid in advance.

\$1.75 per annum if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.

\$2.00 per annum, if payment be delayed beyond six months.

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Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor, at Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

All orders to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

From the North Star.

Our Western Anti-Slavery Tour.

In accordance with our promise recorded in the last number of the "Star," we proceed to give a brief sketch of our recent anti-slavery tour. We should gladly have done this by letters written at each point of our progress, when all was fresh and lively; but the rapidity of our movements, and the constant demand on our time and attention, both for public addresses and social interviews, rendered this impossible. Our readers must therefore put up with whatever of dullness may mark our present narrative.

We were absent from home precisely four weeks. During this period, we traveled fourteen hundred miles—held twenty-six meetings—made many new friends—enjoyed pleasant interviews with many old ones; and although we encountered some very rough treatment, we regard our western tour as having been blessed with gratifying success.

Our first meeting was held in Buffalo, in the Baptist Church on Michigan street. A thunder-storm—occurring exactly at the time appointed for convening the meeting—had the effect (as we learn) of keeping some away who intended to be present. The audience, however, was respectable in numbers, and so eager to hear, that it afforded pleasure to the speaker to speak, since there was every appearance that the good seed was falling on good ground.

The hospitable doors of our esteemed friends, Francis and Weir, were, as usual, thrown open to receive us; and the time spent in Buffalo, we trust, was not ill spent for our cause.

We enjoyed a very pleasant interview with the colored poet of America, J. M. Whitfield. We were however mortified and deeply grieved to find this noble son of genius occupying a pavement story room, as a barber's shop. That talents so commanding, gifts so rare, poetic powers so distinguished, should be tied to the handle of a razor and buried in the precincts of a barber's shop, and that he who possesses them should be consigned by the malignant arrangements of society, to occupy a position so menial, is painfully disheartening. As we looked upon his broad brow, with his fine eye beaming with intelligence, and saw him linked to his unfortunate avocation, we felt a strong desire for pecuniary ability to extricate him. Such a man as Whitfield, placed in favorable circumstances, might become the most brilliant instrument in delivering our people from their thralldom, and from the odious and debasing estimation in which they are held. We hope still that Whitfield will himself, by arousing his dormant energies, place himself in a position more favorable to the development of his genius, and the display of his talents, than the one he now occupies. His fine poetic mind may yet pour forth the music to whose orderly measure and charming sound, the advancing hosts of freedom shall time their high footsteps. Come out of that cellar, Whitfield! and let your bugle blast of liberty career over our Northern hills. You are implored to do so by your enslaved and slandered people. Come! vindicate us at the bar of public opinion from the oft-repeated assertion that genius may not flourish under a sable brow.

It is not the least among the good offices of the North Star, that it searches out and brings to the light of day those of our despised people whose many characters serve to reflect credit upon themselves and all with whom they are identified. We have already called attention to the condition of some of the colored people of Cincinnati, but our reference was mainly to their industry and prosperity. On this point many other facts might have been stated, for the field is wide and illustrations are numerous. Highly gratifying as appeared the physical circumstances of our people in that city, we were still more gratified with the many instances of superior intelligence with which we were brought in contact.

On arriving at Cincinnati, we were very respectfully met at the station by a large committee of gentlemen, under whose escort we were conducted to the Dumas Hotel, where a crowd of spectators had assembled, at whose solicitation, (although nearly broken down with our journey,) we made a short address from the balcony of the house. In the afternoon of the 4th July, (the day on which we arrived) we had the pleasure of meeting a large circle at "The Colored Orphan's Home," and of participating in a festive entertainment for the benefit of that institution. The general appearance of the house reflects much praise upon the worthy lady under whose superintendence the institution is placed. In the evening, we attended a Fair, held by the members of Bethel Church, the object of which was, to raise money with which to pay for a large house of worship, now in process of erection. The Fair appeared to be well patronized, and presented a gay scene. We were frequently called upon to address the assembly, but the fatigue of our journey, and the over-

powering heat, compelled us to decline so doing. Whatever may be our opinion as to the propriety of separate colored churches, we cannot but be warmly pleased to see our people putting forth their energies to build neat and commodious churches, than to see them merely content to worship in the miserable hovels in which they are sometimes crowded.

During our stay in the city of Cincinnati, we had several meetings in the Colored Baptist Church, which is quite a commodious building, situated on Baker street. This church was thrown open to us with promptitude and alacrity; and we assembled, from time to time, within its walls a large body of interesting colored people. It was at this place that we took our farewell of Cincinnati; and we had a fine opportunity, on that occasion, of witnessing quite a brilliant display of the speaking talent among its citizens of color. After addresses were delivered by Frederick Douglass and the Rev. Mr. Munroe, of Detroit, spirited and eloquent speeches, pertinent to the occasion, were made by Mr. John J. Gaines and Mr. J. H. Perkins. The addresses of these gentlemen were highly creditable to themselves, as well as to the colored people of the city, among whom they are very popular as orators. Both gentlemen have great responsibilities resting upon them, for they certainly possess great powers over the minds and feelings of our people, and can do much towards giving them a virtuous and honorable direction. The gentlemen need never clash nor seem to be in each other's way. Each may excel in his peculiar gifts, without at all interfering or conflicting with the other.

Among the most interesting and pleasant interviews which it was our privilege to hold with the friends of the slave in Cincinnati, we regard the one held at the house of Mr. Andrew Ernest, Spring Garden, as especially worthy of note. Aside from the attractions which ever draw the heart of an abolitionist to an anti-slavery circle, the house of Mr. & Mrs. Ernest is one of the most delightful we ever witnessed. Situated on a fine sloping hill, covered with magnificent trees of the finest foliage, it overlooks the whole city and valley of Cincinnati. We have never seen, in this country, a garden so large and tastefully laid out, and abounding with so great a variety of fruits and flowers, as that surrounding the mansion of our friends. It was a little surprising to meet with an abolitionist in such a place as that. Sympathy for despised and enslaved humanity does not often appear surrounded by wealth and luxury; yet we know that many a fugitive's heart has been made glad by the benevolence of the excellent friends in question. We were told by a colored brother—whom it is not prudent to name, simply because he is too faithful a worker in the cause of freedom to make it safe to name him—that he never appeared in vain for aid at the gates of Spring Garden.

We met, on the occasion referred to, our esteemed friends, Dr. Brisbane, Levi Coffin, W. W. Watson, J. G. Gaines, and W. Casey. There were others also present, whose names escape our recollection. In company with such a band, days were but hours, and hours but minutes. But we must pass on.

A striking contrast to the treatment which we received in this circle, was the insolent deportment adopted in the cars on which we were born to Columbus. Although we had paid for a first-class passage, as soon as we were discovered in a first-class car, we were contemptuously ordered, by the conductor, into an inferior car, and told that "niggers" were not allowed to ride in the same car with white persons. Of course we disregarded the pitiful bluster of the contemptible popinjay, and retained our seat, defying all his threats, and disregarding his "little brief authority." Finding that he had wakened up the wrong passenger, he walked off about his business, threatening to return and to put us out at the next stopping place; but "the next stopping place" came a number of times, and it seemed never convenient to execute his insolent threat. He seemed ashamed of it.

On arriving at Columbus, we were met at the house of our friend, D. Jenkins, by a large company, who had assembled to receive and welcome us. Such an assemblage could not but impress us with a sense of the interest felt among them on the subject of our common freedom and elevation, and as such it was highly gratifying.

On the day after reaching Columbus, quite a company of us visited Hart Springs, a popular place of resort for the seekers of health, pleasure and recreation. We were hospitably entertained during the day by a wealthy colored farmer, whose house we surrounded with carriages and horses, and converted his quiet domicile into a hotel for the occasion. We have given in another place some account of the mob at Columbus, and it remains only to state the mean, unjust and disgraceful conduct of the "stage" proprietors between Columbus and Wheeling, to remove us beyond the reach of the former city. There are many in Columbus whom we love and respect; but the infamous treatment which we received there, has made any other than a favorable impression on our mind with respect to the general character of the spirit of its inhabitants. Not content with mobbing us and endangering our life, we were subjected in the morning to a piece of injustice, abuse and robbery, such as could have been perpetrated scarcely anywhere else than at the seat of government of the great State of Ohio.

We had engaged and paid for a seat in the stage from Columbus to Zanesville, en route to Pittsburgh, Pa. We stood the third or fourth upon the list of passengers. The stage would carry nine persons with comfort on the inside. There were no passengers in the stage when it called for us, and we of course took our seat on the inside. On arriving at the "Neal House," in front of the stage office, two men came out, and, with

oaths the most gross and revolting, commanded us to get out. We were too unwell to contend with them, and accordingly got out of the stage. They then commanded us to get on the top of the stage. This we declined doing, and told the driver to hand down our baggage. This the stage-agent declared should not be done, cursing us all the while in a strain which would have reflected credit upon a highway robber or a blood-thirsty pirate. We manifested but little concern for our trunk, believing, as proved to be the case, that the insolent villain merely resorted to this as a means of compelling us to get on top of the stage. He, at the last, caused our baggage to be thrown down upon the pavement, just before the stage moved off, leaving us behind. We then called upon the agent to refund the money which we had paid him the day before for the use of the seat from which we had been abusively driven. This request only called forth new abuse and additional threats from the petty robber. He swore that he would not return the money, and told us that we might as well clear out. This was a height of injustice and outrage, such as we had not expected even from that source, corrupt as we knew it to be. Not content to drop the matter here before leaving Columbus, we authorized a lawyer to collect the amount. Being shut out from the stage, we were compelled to hire a private carriage, at considerable expense, in order to reach Zanesville in time for our appointment there.

On arriving at Zanesville, we found that the agents of the stage company there had been instructed, by telegraph or otherwise, to exclude us from stages on the entire route to Wheeling. Upon this display of malice and proscription, comment is scarcely necessary. We were not, however, to be kept in Zanesville by the wrath and power of the stage agent. Our friend Mr. Loring, of New Concord, kindly afforded us a conveyance of some twenty-six miles, to Cambridge, where we were brought into contact with another stage line, where we were not only treated with justice, but with civility and kindness, during the whole journey from that town to Pittsburgh.

Of our Pittsburgh visit, extensive notices have already been copied into the North Star; and, in conclusion, we will only allude to one or two circumstances which seem to require special mention.

There is in Pittsburgh a Wesleyan Methodist Church, made up, doubtless, of honest and fair-minded men and women; but, unfortunately, that church has, in its communion, and officiating in its pulpits as ministers, a man as false as Judas Iscariot; and that man is Rev. Lewis Woodson. It was our privilege to tell him so to his face. On reaching Pittsburgh, our friends applied for the Wesleyan Methodist Church, for us to hold a meeting. The house was refused us, solely through the hypocritical agency of this Reverend Lewis Woodson. On application being made for the house, he addressed the church on the subject, and requested the granting of it, in a speech characterized by misrepresentation and jesuitism to a degree unsurpassed. His first position was, that Messrs. Garrison, Wright, and Foster, were infidels, and that we belonged to the Garrison school; that he had been to New York to attend the anniversary; that he had returned home, disgusted with what he had there witnessed among the abolitionists. He stated that the tendency of Garrisonism was, to destroy good morals; and instanced the case of Thomas Van Rensselaer, whom he said he had seen, from the window of his own boarding-house, playing at billiards on the Sabbath day, in the upper story of St. Charles Hotel. Of course we believe that Mr. Van Rensselaer may know what is being said of him, and may, if he please, deny the charge.

These representations of Mr. Woodson, with his inferences, had the effect of excluding us from the Wesleyan Church for a time; but finally the doors were thrown open to us, and we held several excellent meetings within their walls. It should be known that this Lewis Woodson is a colored man; and that he is the same who, no longer ago than last May, again and again, solicited us to unite with him in an effort for the improvement and elevation of our people; and that our name now stands side by side with his in an association formed by mutual co-operation. We supposed that we were about as odious as we could be in New York, and are at a loss to know why the same man who solicited our society in New York, should be so horrified by contact with us in Pittsburgh.

As this article is already extended beyond the limits which we had proposed, we leave it for the present, and shall recur to the subject again, should nothing of more importance take its place. Our visit to Pittsburgh was (notwithstanding the treacherous conduct of Woodson) one which we shall long remember with emotions of high satisfaction.—F. D.

As an evidence of the progress which anti-slavery opinions are making in the South, a correspondent of the New York Commonwealth says, that of the one hundred and fifty young men who compose the graduating class of the University of Virginia, only five hold to the doctrine that slavery is desirable. The others think that slavery is an evil. We do not know upon what authority this statement is made. It is certainly something remarkable, and we look for a fiery contradiction from some "ardent" Virginia paper.—Providence Jour.

A WELL DRESSED NEGRO.—The Ambassador at the English court, from India, attracts great attention in London. He is dressed in an oriental costume, ornamented with gold, diamonds, pearls and precious stones, estimated to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. He is represented to be very handsome, though very black, and is one of India's bravest sons.

From the North Star.

Mob at Columbus.

I have just escaped the fury of an atrocious mob, in Columbus, the Capital of the great State of Ohio. A week ago, I accepted an invitation of several colored friends in this city to visit them on my return from Cincinnati, where I had just held a successful series of meetings.

I arrived in Columbus, from Cincinnati, on Friday, July 12th. In consequence of indisposition, I was unable to speak until Monday afternoon and evening. My friends had secured, without difficulty, the use of the Senate Chamber of the State House for the meeting; and, judging from this indication of liberal feeling, I had little apprehension that I should be subjected to the violence of an increased and murderous mob. But appearances are sometimes deceptive. They were so in this instance; for a large or more spiteful and malignant specimen of mobocracy than that on Monday night, in the famous metropolis of Ohio, I have not lately encountered. A week before I came to Columbus, a patriotic citizen (whose name will perhaps hereafter appear) was heard to declare his intention to get up a mob, if it cost him all he was worth in the world, and ten years in the State prison besides; and the result shows that he has not proved false to his diabolical vow. As these mobs are striking indications of the public mind, and serve very well to illustrate the nature of American freedom and civilization, I deem it proper to put them on record, even at the expense of variety.

My first meeting, as I have already remarked, was held in the Senate Chamber, on Monday afternoon. It was attended by a large concourse of persons, and all appeared to listen to my speech with a lively interest, although I spoke strongly—as I feel strongly—in reprobation of the American Constitution and Union. Strong however as were the expressions used by me, they were too true to answer the purpose of getting up a mob; and the parties desirous to get up a mob, therefore first to get up a fire, and sell it extensively, before they could rouse the citizens to violate the laws and disgrace the city. The fire was not a fit one, but a very poor one—almost too contemptible and absurd to repeat; yet, considering that it produced the desired effect, I suppose I ought to chronicle it for the benefit of posterity. Here it is then, just in the shape it went round the city, into groceries, and law offices, and other haunts of slumbering patriotism.—That it did rouse Douglass has caused the friends of the Constitution as concerned? Of course I did no such thing. But the people believed I did say so, and they attacked so much importance to what they believed me guilty of saying, that they thought it necessary to come to the rescue. To prove that their fathers were not cowards, they proved themselves ruffians.

The evening meeting, like the one in the afternoon, was very well attended. The lower part of the house was crowded to overflowing. The great body of the audience was composed of the most intelligent and humane people of the metropolis. On entering, I felt impressed by the imposing presence. But I soon discovered that a number of the "better sort"—the "service nobles" had taken possession of the gallery of the Senate Chamber, and were quite prepared to defend the honor, dignity and patriotism of their forefathers, by every species of disorder and indecency which their inhuman depravity could suggest. I was accompanied to the platform by Rev. Mr. Monroe. At my suggestion, he made a few remarks. During his address, the clamor, hissing, stamping, and vulgar exclamations, were all most incessant. It was with great difficulty that he was heard by those nearest to the platform. In the thickest of the noise and uproar, a gentleman of fine, commanding appearance, rose in a distant part of the hall, and asked to be heard. It was Auditor Wood. Quiet was restored, and he addressed the mob in an eloquent and manly strain for about ten minutes—remonstrating against their illegal, criminal, and disgraceful behavior, and entreating them to desist from their mobocratic conduct, and to allow the meeting to proceed in order. This was all of no effect. They came for a different purpose—to mob Frederick Douglass; and that purpose must be executed at all hazards.

Finding that the disturbers continued the uproar, and seemed resolved to persevere in their unlawful course, Mr. Wood and another gentleman (whose name I do not remember) went into the gallery with a view to ascertain who the persons were who could thus audaciously trample upon the rights of their fellow citizens. Their appearance in the gallery, armed only with lighted candles, caused the patriotic cowards to leave the orderly portion of the assemblage in possession of the hall.

The mob, however, was only temporary. The mob soon surrounded the building outside, reinforced by greater numbers, and evidently urged on by increased malice, they rent the air with hideous yells. This was followed by an alarm of fire. Bells were rung, engines dashed through the street, and all was noise and confusion without. It is left to the assembly within to say, that they kept remarkably quiet during this uproar. Their good sense and presence of mind in this matter, entitle them to much praise. We continued the meeting until half past ten o'clock. There remained at the door about five hundred persons. These composed the mob. They were waiting for me to come out. Fortunately, I reached the door in a crowd, by which I was for a time concealed from the increased multitude. As soon, however, as I was discovered in the crowd, stones and other missiles began to fly about my head—one only of which struck me, and that did but little injury. Just at this point of the fray, we arrived at the corner of a street, which offered no opportunity to escape. At that moment, a white friend of mine (who was in the crowd), blest with vigorous arm and a Stentorian voice, rushed through the cowardly mob, in

an opposite direction to me, exclaiming, "Here he goes! Give it to him! Give it to him!" &c., until he changed the direction of the whole mob, thus leaving me full chance to escape. To this stratagem I am probably indebted for life and limb at this moment. The mob, losing sight of its prey, perambulated through those parts of the city where the colored inhabitants mostly reside, in pursuit, but to no purpose. I was secreted in a house where I could see their movements and hear their fiendish curses. After indulging in the latter pretty freely, they gradually dispersed, and went to their homes. Upon this brutal treatment, I leave others to comment; I merely give the facts.

AFRICA.

WHAT a wonderful continent is this round, smooth-shored Africa, known from the earliest dawn of time, yet so unknown; the granary of nations, yet sterile and fruitless as the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes with its vast tract of glittering sand! North America, first seen but the other day, has been probed from end to end; its gallant and restive Philip, Tecumseh, and Montezuma, have been bridled and broken by the white man; but Africa has seen no Cortez, or even a De Soto or La Salle, "winning favor from fate." Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Borchardt alone has tried to read the secret of the mother of civilization, the gray-haired Africa.

If we seek a land of romance and mystery, what quarter of the globe compares with that which holds the pyramids, the giant Theban temples, one roof of which clusters a modern village; the solemn belemnite mountain cliff of a sphinx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile with its hidden sources; the Niger with its unknown outlet; the heaven-bearing Atlas; the dimly-seen Mountain of the Moon?

There, render, the slave rose romantically to be the ruler of millions; there Moses, floating in his cradle, is saved by a king's daughter, and like the hero of some earlier chivalry, breaks the bonds of his people, and founds a new and mighty nation. There was the scene of Dido, of Hamlet, the scene of Scipio's triumphs and Jugurtha's crimes; there lived Tertullian, Athanasius, and Augustine; the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of Louis of France was drawn there.

Africa is the home of the leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the griffin, the slight antelope, the earth-shaking elephant, the unaccountable lion, the all-conquering buffalo. It is the home too of the mysterious negro races, yet lying dormant in the germ, destined perhaps to rule this earth when our present Anglo-Saxon blood is as corrupt as that of the descendants of Homer and Pericles.

The past, present, and future of Africa are alike wrapped in mystery. Who can tell us of the childhood of dark-browed Egypt, square-shouldered and energetic? Carthage, the England of the world's rulers, has not even a romancing Livy, still less an unwearied Niebuhr, to explain her rise and untangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, what do we know more than the Punic merchants, who, like us, dealt there, taking slaves, ivory, and gold?

And what can we hope hereafter to see in those immense, unknown lands? God has enabled the European to drive the North American, step by step, toward extinction, and he has given a great continent the full development and trial of whatever permanent power the Caucasian race possesses; but Africa he has preserved—for what? For future contest? For an imported foreign civilization, to be entered through Liberia and Cape Colonies? France and Britain are watching each other now along those burning sands, as they once watched by the icy rocks of Canada and Acadia: is it to end in the same subjugation of the aboriginal owners to one or both of these? Or does the dark race, in all its varieties, possess a capacity for understanding, and living out the deep meaning of the world's ruler, Christianity, as the offspring of the followers of Odin never did, and never can, understand and act?

If the old Egyptian Sesostris had paused to contemplate the illiterate wanderers of Greece, to whom Cadmus was just striving to make known the letters of Phœnicia, would not Plato and Aristotle have seemed as impossible to him as the existence in Africa of a higher Christianity than has yet been seen, seems to us? Would the present position of the Teutonic race have appeared equally incredible to the founder of the Parthenon, or the loungers in the gardens of the Academy?—Foreign Review.

CHOLERA IN CUBA.—Much anxiety is felt, and a great degree of uncertainty exists in regard to the progress of the cholera in the interior of the island, and as to its probable effects upon the next and subsequent crops. This disease has not yet become general, but it continues to spread in various directions, and its ravages, in many estates, have been appalling. On several estates the destruction of life among the negroes amounts to 25 and 30 per cent., and in some cases even 40 and 50 per cent. of the whole number, and the most efficient are generally the victims. Should the disease diffuse itself throughout the island, the loss of life among the slave operatives would, in this ratio, probably not be short of 100,000 to 125,000. Even at the present average rate of mortality on the estates, the estimates as to the ultimate destruction of life among the negroes, in the event of the epidemic becoming general throughout the island, are not less than 70 or 80,000. The period of the year is, unfortunately, not favorable for checking the malady. The laborer carried off is an irreparable loss, because there is no source available at present from which they can be replaced. The loss falls heavily on the production of sugar, because that branch has already absorbed the available laborers previously employed in the culture of coffee, the yield of which article has been insignificant for several years.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

First of August Celebration.

To those who have not much faith in the intellectual capacities of the colored men, the meeting of the colored people and their friends, in this place on the first of August, called to celebrate that memorable day when the chains were shaken from the necks of eight hundred thousand slaves in the West India Islands, there was much that was well fitted to awaken a deep interest, and excite serious reflection. The audience was not as large as could have been wished, or as might have been expected, under the circumstances of the case. We did think that the true friends of the colored man should have made an effort to be present. They profess to feel an interest in his intellectual improvement, and when an attempt is made in that direction, it ought certainly to be encouraged. It is only by intellectual and moral elevation that the colored man can secure the respect of those around him, and be lifted up to his true position, which is a noble right to witness his mind reaching upward amidst the innumerable disadvantages and discouragements he is called to experience. And who that has the heart of a well-wisher of his race would not take him by the hand, and aid him in his praiseworthy struggle to realize the magnificent object on which his heart is set. We were highly gratified to see one of our most distinguished professional men occupying a seat in the central part of the audience, and listening with respectful attention to all the addresses made upon the occasion. But what we chiefly desired to say at present is, that the addresses of the colored gentlemen we listened to, were all of a very high order, and did much credit both to their heads and hearts.

Mr. H. F. Douglass was the first speaker we heard. He is a young man about twenty-one years of age, and is now laboring in a barber shop in this place. We presume he has never enjoyed any educational advantages, and yet all those present will concur with me when I say, that he showed a remarkable speaking talent. His sentiments were striking, often eloquent, and expressed with great rhetorical beauty and force. He made a very decided impression upon the audience.

The second speaker—Mr. John J. Gaines—was from Cincinnati. His speech was well received. It indicated a strong intellect, an intellect that promises much good for his race. His thoughts were all stirring, solemn, truthful, eloquent.

Mr. William H. Day was next called out and took the stand. Mr. Day is evidently in feeble health, but his speech was full of good strong sense, and his style of expression was highly cultivated. It gave evidence of a good deal of historical research, and was prepared with much care.

The whole occasion did honor to our colored friends. We trust they will go on seeking a higher standard of education, and struggle with an unconquerable will for their rights. If they are true to themselves, they must and will secure them. They have but to wait a little longer and a brighter day will dawn upon their view. They will all yet sing a glorious "Jubilate." Every attribute in God and every principle in the government, is pledged for the ultimate and complete triumph of their cause. N.

The Abolitionists Respected at the South.

From the Southern Press.

What is the final end and aim of all the schemes of Emancipation, but Abolitionism? Wherein consists the choice between the advocates of Free-soil, caring about peace and fraternity and mutual concessions, and those fierce fanatics whose whole creed may be condensed into one maxim—"hated to the slaveholder?" On the one hand we are menaced with open war and speedy destruction, by avowed enemies. On the other, the protracted agonies of a lingering death, are proffered to us by professing friends.

Little as the true men of the South have cause to love the Abolition madmen, they are compelled to respect them more than their hypocritical conductors, who practically co-operate with, while they revile them. The choice between venomous creatures is difficult to make; but we prefer the rattlesnake to the viper, for he gives warning ere he strikes the fatal blow, and does not creep into the hearth-stone to sting away life. The most dangerous and fatal enemies the South has now, are to be found among the loudest revilers of these fanatical Abolitionists—crying out, peace, peace, where there is no peace; patching up hollow truces; denouncing the true friends of the South; and falling prostrate before the idols of party, when patriotism pleads forgetfulness of party distinctions. Add to these the too-stools of party, engendered out of its corruptions to wither away and die in a wholesome atmosphere, and prop them up by the timid, time-serving, and the waters on Providence, and you have the most dangerous enemies to the South, the Constitution, and the Union.

Lord North's plans of conciliation were the abominations of tyranny and baseness of extortion. They bring to mind the little French fable, wherein a farmer convokes the tenants of his barn-yard, and with sweet solemnity says,—"Dear animals, I have assembled you here to advise me what sauce I shall cook you with." "But," exclaims an insurrectionary chicken, "we don't want to be eat at all!"—to which the urbane chairman replies,—"My child, you wander from the point."—Whipple's Orator.

The carriage which is to be used at the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, says a letter from Vienna, was made in the reign of Charles, for the marriage of his daughter, Maria Theresa. Since that time it has been used for the coronation of the Emperor. The gilding alone cost 180,000 florins. The paintings on the doors are by Rubens, and cost 60,000 florins.—Galignani.